

## Forces

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Volume 2007

Article 58

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5-1-2007

# Train Wreck?

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### Recommended Citation

Treiber, John (2007) "Train Wreck?," *Forces*: Vol. 2007 , Article 58.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2007/iss1/58>

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## Or, The Last Shirt Doesn't Have Any Pockets

JOHN TREIBER

Standing on an incline, overlooking a single railroad track, one can see two trains approaching from opposite directions. The train coming from the right is long and overcrowded with folks who are kept away from the table of plenty- the poor and destitute, the poorly educated and the old- the flotsam of society. The cars they travel in are old and worn and barely hold up the load; they are abominable and smelly. The equipment is past what it was designed for back in the better days of yore.

From the opposite direction, the approaching train, features luxury coaches and the latest technologies. The interior is pleasingly bright, the aisles are wide, the seats are plush and other amenities abound, including opulent dining coaches with the latest in silver and crystal. These coaches are sparsely occupied- no waiting here. There are three waiters per occupant, to serve a commissary car whatever fancies one's pallet, including the rarest and most expensive wines and spirits. These diners gorge themselves far beyond what is reasonable, with the finest of food and drink; all of this, of course, is tax deductible. The conversation here, always centers on money, power, and sex- no mention about the less fortunate here; these people feel secure; they don't carry any guns, for they hire armies to protect themselves from the yokels.

Watching these two trains approaching each other, one can only wonder; will there be a train wreck of monstrous proportion or will one of them have enough sense to reverse course, while there is still time? The less fortunate argue vociferously among themselves, about what is coming down the track in front of them and conclude, they have nothing to lose. The wealthy, on the opposite train, used to getting their way by force of money, ego, bribery and other less than ethical means, can't face up to the imminent disaster and get it through their head, that if nobody gives in, what they worked for all their lives, including all the ill-gotten gains, might have been in vain; the last shirt doesn't have any pockets!